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SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1870.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DOCTOR'S MIXTURE.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER XXV. LORD SHIPTON "GOING TO DIE."

THE Doctor proceeded on his road, his hands under his coat-tails, and smiling at his own boots. He was going up to the "bar'ks." At the door the rusty leathern "conveniency" was waiting, "Hungry Shipton" trying to raise his lunch gratuitously, no doubt! He entered, found them all there in the mess-room, with Lord Shipton holding out a glass of wine, as he stood up and talked unctuously.

"Now, I can take no excuse: you must all come. We shall have a little quiet, rational amusement, without pretence or ostentation, good fresh country air, and pleasant company."

"An 'appy day at Rosherville,' eh?" said the Doctor, slyly. "But you mustn't take his lordship literally, colonel. He'll give you something more than the country air to feast on. I know him."

"Oh, it seems to be a sort of a picnic, Fin," said the colonel.

"Hardly, hardly, colonel," said Lord Shipton, deprecatingly. "Don't call my little hospitality by that name. I shall ask the slight contribution of a bottle of wine from every gentleman who honours me, but nothing from the ladies. I shall provide the lunch: salads, and a fowl or so, and that sort of thing. And I'll ask you, colonel, to send us out the band."

This was all arranged, and his lordship went down and got into his strange vehicle.

As he drove away, the Doctor, who was leaning out of the mess-room window, resting on the shoulders of two of his friends, was very merry, calling the vehicle "th' old bath-chair," and saying, if he had it,

he'd put the old servant in front, to draw him, and thus save a horse. "Oh, boys, but we'll go out and see him; you'll have fun that day, never fear."

"How, Peter?"

"Th' attempt to combine economy and gastronomy. I'd put a reserve of the wing and leg of a chicken, wrapped up in paper, in my breast-pocket, if I was you. No matter, we'll have fun, never fear."

When the Doctor got home, he summoned his family about him. "Shipton's going to die, I think, my pets. They have worked him up to giving a party. So now, girls, polish up, and look your best, for there's an amazing providence in these things."

"How, how! Peter, dear?"

"Every how, sweets. The hum-drum laws of nature seem to be suspended, and the social problem inverted. After lunch, I tell ye, there's no knowing what may happen. I've known all the bar'cades of reserve and self-defence swept away by the emotions burstin' from a reservoir. But never mind the mattiephysics. More to the point is, that I've chartered a neat open carriage, my dears, with the pair of greys in front. Nothing like being a little behind the scenes. Now, we'll go in style, and I suppose there'll be three or four after them when the thing gets wind."

The girls were in a state of frantic delight: Polly clapping her hands, and dancing round the room; Katey was smiling with delight.

"You see, dears," said Peter, "those lean and skinny daughters of his have grown desperate. Every day the old bath-chair has been trundling in with old Death-upon-wires inside, on his knees to get the soldiers out to Shipton. No, no, dears."

"Why not?" said Katey, innocently.

"Some officious fellow warned them. I don't know how it was," added the Doctor, irreverently; "but they *were* put against it. When you know that a man gets his wine, a sound clear sherry, nutty flavour, at twenty-four shillings a dozen—why it speaks vols.—no, folios, my dears."

The girls presently flew away to inaugurate the stupendous preparations fitting for such a rare festival. The Shipton picnic was presently buzzed about, and talked of like a queen's visit. As the Doctor had predicted, the open barouche and greys, familiar enough at weddings, were in demand; and Mr. Ridley and others were known to have applied eagerly for their services. "Always at some low Irish jockeying," growled Mr. Ridley, as he turned away, disappointed. Polly and Katey were presently tripping down the street, bound for M'Intyre's, to lay in ribbons, and a new bonnet for Polly, and gloves, "two buttons," and flowers, and those endless properties which are essential to a festival of this kind. Alas! there was a long score at M'Intyre and Co.'s; but the firm was indulgent—felt even tenderly towards the sisters—and conspired with them to keep Doctor Findlater in ignorance of the amount. The firm, too, latterly felt very much as creditors do to a young man who is known to be coming into a fortune, and the certainty of Polly's advancement was well known to the smiling ladies and gentlemen who were drawn up behind the counters. In the choice of her bonnet the whole establishment took quite an interest; Miss Mallard, at the head of the show-rooms, Mr. Cody, who walked the shop, and others, all joined in council. Miss Katey was pressed to select a bonnet also.

"I'm sure," Miss Mallard remarked, "Lord Shipton must be thinking of getting married. And so he ought, to get some one to teach him how to lay out his money! Ah, Miss Katey, I know what would be the best step he ever took in his whole life!"

Katey did not blush; but pleased at the compliment, answered earnestly, that "Lord Shipton was not dreaming of such things, and certainly not of her."

It was no wonder that both girls tripped home in high spirits. This perpetual harping on one subject, this combined assurance of many persons, that some windy theory is truth, has its effect in time, and the sisters returned with a complacent conviction that something most important

was to take place on this Shipton festival, and that Polly's destiny was to be determined on that day.

"Oh, my darling!" said Katey, when they were in the room; "you mustn't forget us, or give us all up! For I am *afraid* we shall have to let you go."

Then they went down and joined their mother, who followed in the same strain; but who put the thing in rather plainer, if not ruder terms. She was accustomed to call a spade a spade, and openly spoke of her Polly's being installed at Leadersfort, and this made that brilliant Spanish castle rather topple, and brought a look of pain into Katey's cheek. She had her own little trouble besides at her heart.

CHAPTER XXVI. ILL NEWS.

SUDDENLY enters Doctor Findlater with a sour look on his face; for Peter, although one of the most delightful creatures in the world, was very variable in humour, like most delightful creatures of his kind.

"Nice work it is," the Doctor said. "What's this—finery for to-morrow? Going to hang yourselves over with new fripperies?"

"Yes, Peter, dear. Wait till you see Polly's bonnet."

"Yes; a wisp of muslin spread on a bit of wire. Then you may spare those accoutrements. You're late. They're going to shut the gates in your faces."

"Where, Peter?" said Polly, her cheeks flushing with indignation. "Who! What are you talking of? Who has put you out?"

"No one," said he, angrily. "It's not come to that yet. I'd give *them* a lesson that did. No, I'm not come so low as that. What d'ye say to this? They've sent the police down after him!"

Katey did not understand. Polly did. "What!" she cried, faintly. "Has she come back?"

"No; but she's sent her brother, the new agent that is to be. Mither Randall Morrison, no less. A cold-blooded, hard, Scotchified fellow, that would turn up his nose at a glass of punch. He's come down special. He's heard the tricks two ladies have been going on with."

"Ah! is that all? Who cares for him?" said Polly, contemptuously. "I don't! Let him mind the tenants."

"Ah, don't talk folly!" said the Doctor, roughly, to his darling child—to "his own flesh and blood." "Wasn't I in with the child, and didn't I find that fellow in full

possession, his elbow on the chimney-piece, his foot on the fender, bringing that poor weak idiot to his trumps? The very first word out of the latter's mouth was, 'Oh, Doctor, I'm afraid I can't go with you to-morrow.'

The girls were aghast. Polly clasped her hands; her pretty brow contracted, and her eyes darted sparks of coquettish fury. Katey's face assumed a sort of devotional seriousness and pain.

"There is business," he went on, "and Mr. Morrison says he must go into the papers to-morrow with me. Oh, I should so like to go," he says. 'Oh, nonsense, hang business,' I says. 'We'll all put our heads together, and work through it the day after. We have your place kept and all.' Then that cold-blooded prig turns on me: 'Pray don't interfere with our family arrangements, Doctor. You are, I believe, Mr. Leader's doctor?' Did you ever hear of such cool impudence? I could have just given him a slap well across his face. 'Pray don't interfere! And I think,' he went on, 'as we may now consider him quite restored to health, all professional and other attendance may cease. You can go back to the barracks, Cecil, instead of staying at this place, or, what would be better, we shall both keep each other company up at Leadersfort. I am getting a few rooms done up on purpose.' I tell you, girls, the game is up."

This phrase, taking the less coarse shape of disappointment and despair, could be read in the faces of all present.

"The low hound!" said the Doctor. "There he is, stuck up at the castle—full powers, ready to poke his nose into everything; and that miserable Cecil, in terror of his life of him and his cold ways. Oh, I wish my grave was ordered! It's to be always beginning and never ending for Peter. Who was the pagan rascal who had always to be shoving a block of stone up a hill? Well, he's me. Only I give up the job from this moment, and th' infarnal granite may whiz away down on its own course!"

This was, indeed, felt to be disastrous news. Public report had already stamped Randall Morrison as preternaturally cold and clever, with "a head of fifty years on the shoulders of twenty;" as a fellow certain to have the best of any bargain; cold, insolent, even towards the natives there; able "to see into motives"—always a magician-like gift for inhabitants of any Little Pedlington. The instincts of the two

girls whispered to them that this arrival was likely to be fatal. They, too, had noticed the uncongenial look in the face of the young man, his air of superiority; and felt certain that he was likely to frustrate knavish tricks of all kinds, as he would call them. Even the few glances he had given at the family on that memorable Sunday were to the same effect; and they felt "inferior" in his presence. The Doctor's news was quite accurate. Young Mr. Randall Morrison was to be the new agent. Poor Miller, who had carried on matters successfully, though in jog-trot fashion, for the last twenty years, was to be shouldered out. He was old-fashioned, slow; let the tenants have too much their own way. He had not, indeed, been formally ejected; but it was well known that Mrs. Leader had set her face against him; and that poor, weak Mr. Leader was holding out but faintly. Mr. Morrison was established at Leadersfort, viceroy, as it were; had been seen in the town, and had actually dined last night with "that hound Ridley."

"He's at the bottom of it all," said the Doctor, "I'd bet my diploma. When I met him yesterday there was a cock-crowin' air about him. The low informer! He just wrote over to tell them the young fellow was in danger—the precious sprig of the Leader stock was near being broken off and clapped in Peter Findlater's button-hole. But is not this the old story repeated and repeating since the days of Malcahy and his gold watch-guard? All the combination in the world is against the Irish. God knows it's bad enough in their own country, where they're all hewers of wood and pumpers of water; but *here*, they make a sworn Leg and Covenant against us! I declare I'm sick and scraped at my very heart's core!"

Katey offered comfort. "Peter, dear, I'm ashamed of you. You, with all your cleverness, what have ye to be afraid of? What harm are we doing? Nothing to be ashamed of. Isn't Polly fit for the Viceroy of Egypt himself? Didn't Captain Bellamy, the aide-de-camp at Dublin Castle, say she ought to be seen by the queen? Arn't the Findlaters as good as any Leader among them, and better? Hadn't they all the land about Cork before the English came over and took it? Why, I think it's doing that poor young man the greatest service and honour!"

"Pish! ye talk like a child, Katey. Don't bother me now."

"But I must speak, Peter. He has

gained Polly's affections; and if I was to tell you all he has said to me——"

"Have you anything in writing? No, not you."

"But I think—I know—that he, so good, so amiable, so nice—he'll not mind them. Not he. He has too much spirit. He knows Polly's value, and admires her."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" says the Doctor, impatiently. "I tell you, girl, the thing's closed, and I've wasted my time, and my money, and my spirit, all for nothing. And then I'll have th' iron entering into my soul besides, with all the low, mean Grundys of the place chuckling over me, and pointing with the finger of contempt. And then old skinflint Shipton, and that cur Ridley, and that quill-driver Morrison. Oh, I wish I was unborn! I tell you the game's up!"

"No, Peter," said Katey, with enthusiasm; "only wait until to-morrow's over. I know him better."

"Faith, he *shall* go, and be sitting beside you, my beauties, in th' open barouche in triumph, and before to-morrow night—never mind. D'ye think I'll let my daughters' names be dragged through the mire by every jackheen that owns a few dirty acres to sit upon? Leave it to me, girls. You'll ride in the triumphant chariot to-morrow, with my young Apollo beside you, or I'll know the reason why!" And the Doctor got his hat, and strode from the room.

It will be remembered that, in the slight sketch given of the Doctor's career, there were two sides to his character, one being that of the popular, jovial friend, who would give away what might be the last bottle of whisky in the universe; the other, a sort of truculent, violent, vindictive mood, which might make him use that very bottle as a convenient club with which to "smash in the jackheen's skull" who "darr'd trifle with child of his." It would be a nice question to decide which was the real Doctor. Indulgent friends said he was "uncertain." At this moment he was in the uncongenial vein, and walked along talking to himself. The girls saw him go in. The young man looked confused when he saw him. The Doctor was gay again and in good spirits, with his most insinuating manners on.

"So you're going to throw us over! New friends and new manners. I suppose getting ashamed of your old neighbours."

"It's not that, indeed," said Cecil, eagerly, "it's business, you know."

"Which couldn't be put off an hour, of course! Ah! my dear sir, don't let us have

shams between us: call your spade a spade, at once. Surely we're both men of the world. It's natural the family would get alarmed with the vile gossip of this hole. But do me the justice, Mr. Cecil Leader, to say, that I never encouraged you, and that I was always an impediment and drag. I spoke cross to you one night about it."

"My dear Doctor, I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Not you, but others did. I tell you it hurts me, because it's unjust, undeserved; unmanly, sir. It has wounded me to the quick, sir; the whole is humiliating for you, me, and my daughters. To see you, my poor lad, under the orders of a mere agent: you that must get it all one day."

"Oh, it's not that," said the other, confused; "of course I wouldn't have that."

"Of course not. And of course he'll arrange all for you with Hickey and the Jews. I'll give him every help."

"Not for the world," said the young man, starting up alarmed. "Oh, you wouldn't desert me in that?"

"God forbid!" said the Doctor, "and I'll co-operate. But from this out we must have all above board. No handle for stories against Peter Findlater and his daughters. Besides, we have our dignity. We can't be dropped in public like hot potatoes, and taken up in private and put again into the pot to boil."

"Oh! I should like so to go," said Cecil, wistfully. "I was looking forward to such a pleasant day."

"The girls will be disappointed, too; getting their finery ready, pretty innocents. Without a thought in their pure hearts beyond th' enjoyment of the day. With the friend they like beside them, and a little basket hung swinging under the barouche, and Billy on the box, fizzing and popping with spirits like a dozen soda-water bottles! However, it can't be helped now: so I'll give the seat away to Archer, or some of them. There, I must be off."

There was a look of poignant distress in the young man. The Doctor suddenly came back. "Now don't distress yourself, my poor fellow, about the Jews. There, I'll settle it for you all the same, and don't say a word to Morrison or any one."

How generous, how good, how disinterested! thought the young man, in a tumult of gratitude, when the Doctor had gone. He felt ashamed of his own behaviour; his base, cowardly behaviour to them all. This would prove to Morrison and the

rest of them what generous unselfish people they were, liking him (Cecil) all for himself; and those sweet, charming girls, that particularly sweet and charming girl, in whose company he always found himself so happy. He should be miserable all day, he knew; it was very hard that he should be tyrannised over in this fashion; it was very unfair and unjust. And they should see if he wouldn't go.

At about eleven o'clock that night, when the Doctor was pacing up and down moodily like one of the "Jaggers in his cage at the Zoo," a letter was brought in. The Doctor threw it into the air with a loud "Harroo!" "What did I tell you, girls?" It was read aloud:

MY DEAR DOCTOR.—Come in to me to-morrow before you go, and don't give away the place in the barouche yet.

C. L.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM FLODDEN FIELD.

DURING the last few years the labours of north-country antiquaries (especially of the late Reverend Robert Jones, vicar of Braxton) have done so much to explain the topography of Flodden and its neighbourhood, that the history of this most romantic and important battle has now indisputably to be rewritten. The details thus supplied have, for the first time, explained the movements of the Earl of Surrey and King James before the battle, and for this reason a clear exposition of them is peculiarly interesting to all who care to know how the great battle was lost and won.

The sequence of events that led to the great slaughter of Flodden is soon narrated. In November, 1511, Henry the Eighth, then only twenty, and in the third year of his reign, joined Ferdinand of Spain in an alliance to assist the warlike Pope, Julius the Second, against the ambitious French king, Louis the Twelfth, who had invaded Italy. Pope Julius died in February, 1513, just as the French had abandoned Milan to Sforza, and recrossed the Alps. The new Pope, Leo the Tenth, took but a tepid interest in the war, and Maximilian and Henry, almost deserted by the cooler and more wily Ferdinand, pressed the war against Louis alone.

In April, 1513, our fleet was defeated in a rash "cutting out" at Conquêt, near Brest, our admiral, Sir Edmond Howard,

being drowned in the repulse. In June of the same year the young king, eager to cross spears with the French knights, landed at Calais with the first division of an army of twenty thousand men. Henry left England in the charge of his most dear consort, Queen Catharine, who was appointed "regentrix and governor." At the siege of Terouenne, a town near St. Omer, the Emperor Maximilian joined the English army at the head of four thousand horse, and to gratify the vanity of Henry, assumed the cross of St. George, called himself an English volunteer, and condescended to accept one hundred crowns as his daily pay. The French army, in attempting to relieve the endangered town, was entirely routed. Terouenne soon after fell.

It was at this crisis that Louis sought every means to induce James the Fourth of Scotland to invade England. He made him presents of money, and Anne, the young and beautiful French queen, sent the Scottish monarch a jewelled ring from her own finger, conjuring him, for her sake, to march three miles upon English ground. This ring led him to his ruin. James was at the time in the twenty-fifth year of his reign, and the thirty-ninth of his age. He was a strong, sinewy, middle-sized man, with red hair and beard, and a "majestic countenance." He excelled in fencing, shooting, riding, and jousting; delighted in fine horses, and was skilled in surgery. He was easy of access, courteous, and mild, and as Bishop Lesly calls him, "a king most warlike, just, and holy." He always wore for penance a belt of iron chain, to which he every year added a link in testimony of his sorrow for having been at the head of the nobles at the battle of Stirling, where his father, James the Third, was murdered. He had had for a long time many complaints against his brother-in-law rankling within him, and after receiving the French queen's present, he despatched a herald to Henry, at Terouenne, to reassert his old demands. These were:

The delivery of the jewels left by Henry the Seventh to his daughter, Margaret, the wife of James.

The arrest and trial of the Bastard Heron of Ford, a Borderer, who had killed during a truce Sir Robert Ker, the warden of the Scottish Marches.

Justice for the death of Andrew Barton, the captain of a Scottish privateer, who had been killed by a Yorkshire archer during a naval battle with the two Lord Howards.

The Scottish herald had his requisite degree of insolence strictly mapped out. He required the instant withdrawal of the English army from France. The young English prince, scornful and passionate, treated James as a perjured peace-breaker, and sent him word that he was not of sufficient importance to determine a quarrel between England and France. The herald returned, but his master never heard his message: war had already broken out. The very day the Scottish herald passed through the gateway at Terouenne, Lord Home, James's chamberlain, crossed the Border with three or four thousand troops. They burnt and plundered, and were returning with great booty from the Southron, across Millfield Plain, near Wooler, when Sir William Bulmer, of Brumspeth Castle, and an ambuscade of English Borderers, fell upon the robbers, slaying five hundred, and taking four hundred prisoners.

In the mean time, James, eager to redeem his pledge to the French queen, to redress his wrongs and vex the old enemy of the Lothians, collected on the Borough Moor, near Edinburgh, and round the royal standard on the Hare Stone, an army of one hundred thousand men. The Borough Moor in those days, according to Drummond of Hawthornden, was a spacious field, "delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks." The very stone from which the blazoned standard of James was displayed is still to be seen built into the wall, on the left hand of the road to Braid, not far from Bruntsfield Links. There were assembled, says Pitcottie, all the king's earls, lords, barons and burgesses, and all manner of men between sixteen and sixty. The Scotch also boasted twenty-two large brass cannons, including seven large-bore and celebrated pieces of fine workmanship, known as the Seven Sisters—described after the battle by their captors as "the neatest, the soundest, the best-fashioned, the smallest in the touch-hole, and the most beautiful of their size and length that ever were seen."

Many efforts were made by the queen and her friends to stay the rash king's march. The priests arranged certain convenient supernatural appearances. An old man dressed to represent St. John, in a blue robe, sandals, and a linen girdle, entered the church in Linlithgow where the king was at mass, and bade him forbear his journey, for it would not thrive. The saint also cautioned him against following the counsel of women, and when Sir David Lindsay

sought to lay hands on him, he disappeared, some said vanished, among the crowd. It was also said that a ghostly herald had been heard in the dead of the night at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, summoning the king and many of his nobles. But the passion for war was hurrying James along like a torrent. Andrew Forman, the Bishop of Moray, bought over by France, wrote to the king to urge him to what he called a certain victory, representing the cowardice of delay, while Delamotte, the French ambassador, pressed the advance at all risk.

On Sunday, the 21st of August, 1513, the Scottish army camped at Coldstream and along the Lees Haugh, and the next morning the great host crossed into England by the ford at the mouth of the Leet, and the one at the Haugh, a little to the west of the Deddar, and nearly opposite the mill at Cornhill. The Borderers, under Lord Home, led the way as guides and scouts, eager for revenge, Lord Home's brother having been captured by Bulmer in the "Ill Raid." Wark Castle was instantly taken, and, a week after, Norham, the great fortress of the Bishops of Durham. Tradition says, a traitor within tied a letter to an arrow, and shot it over the Tweed into James's camp. This letter told him to remove his guns from Ladykirk Bank to the Haugh, a place near the Tweed, close to the north-east corner of the castle wall, which was the weakest part. The king is said, after his success, to have hanged the traitor in a field near the castle, still known as the Hangman's Land. Etall Castle then fell, and Ford Castle, on the river Till, was invested. This fortress was the great barrier for the East March against Scotland. James would be peculiarly anxious to beat down Ford, because its owner, then a prisoner in Scotland, was the natural brother of the outlaw who had slain Kerr of Cessford. The castle was then occupied by Lady Heron, a treacherous beauty, who is said to have beguiled and betrayed the Scottish king. Nevertheless, whatever stipulation the lady made, certain it is that the castle was partly burnt and destroyed. This castle, about a mile from Flodden Field, now the seat of Louisa Marchioness of Waterford, commands a fine view of the low fertile valley of the sullen Till, and of the blue Cheviots. The king's bedroom, in the upper part of the south tower, is still shown.

In the mean time, the white coats and red crosses of England had been gathering

fast. Thomas Howard, the old Earl of Surrey, a faithful servant of Richard till he fell at Bosworth, and since that time an equally faithful champion of the Tudors, had come to Pontefract on his way to Newcastle. All the chivalry of the north soon joined his banner; first of all Lord Dacre, the warden of the East and Middle Marches; and with him Sir Marmaduke Constable, Sir William Bulmer of Brumspeth, and Lord Scrope of Bolton, with all the hardy Northumbrian and Yorkshire men. Sir Edward Stanley, the fifth son of Thomas, first Earl of Derby, brought, too, his Cheshire and Lancashire bowmen; and Lord Clifford (the Shepherd Lord) led on his Cumberland spearmen; while Jack of Newbury, the honest clothier, came with his Berkshire contingent of one hundred men with bows and bills; and just in the nick of time, too, landed in the Tyne the Earl of Surrey's son, Lord Thomas Howard, High Admiral of England, father of the poet Surrey. At Durham, Bishop Ruthal (still fretting for his castle at Norham) delivered to the Earl the red velvet banner with the white velvet cross, enclosing that holy relic the corporax cloth of St. Cuthbert. He also bore before him those standards, pennons, and flags which Queen Catharine herself had made for the English hosts, and which she had written to Wolsey to say she was "horribly busy in making." The Queen of Scotland and her ladies, on their part, had also employed their fair fingers in similar work. From Durham and Newcastle the bands of English archers and billmen were pressing on fast to Alnwick. By the 5th of September the English pitched their tents at Botton, a hamlet north of the river Aln, and five miles west of Alnwick. Here more of the Northumberland men joined them. Surrey was now at the head of some thirty thousand soldiers.

The Scottish army had already melted to about the same number. The feudal tenure only required forty days' service, and that time having expired, the careful Scots were returning home in troops, driving before them their herds of English cows and horses laden with English silks and English coin. Surrey learning this through his spies, instantly sent to challenge King James to battle on Friday the 9th of September, and at the same time his son the admiral added a message that, as King James had often complained of the death of Andrew Barton, he, Lord Thomas, by whom that deed was done, was now ready to maintain it with

his sword in the front of the fight. James returned answer, that to meet the English in battle was so much his wish, that, had the earl's letter even found him at Edinburgh, he would have laid aside all other business to have met him on a pitched field. At this time the king was encamped on the eastern side of Flodden Hill, the last slope of the Cheviots, with the Tweed on one side, and to the north the deep, slow, sluggish river Till, which extended from Wooler, where Surrey was on the 8th, to Twizel Bridge by the Tweed.

At the council many of the Scottish nobles were for retreat, or, at least, for the king's leaving the command for a place of safety. Lord Patrick Lindsay, president of the war council, compared the contest to a rich merchant, who should stake a rose noble of gold against a common sharper's crooked halfpenny, the English troops being a mere parcel of mechanics, led by an old crooked churl lying in a chariot, while the Scotch had their king and the prime of their nobility, the common people having gone home. The Earl of Angus, old "Bell the Cat," a warrior once of gigantic strength, was of the same opinion, and rebuked the French ambassador, who wished for battle at all hazards. The young king, ardent for battle, said:

"I will fight with these English, though you had all sworn the contrary. Ye may shame yourselves by flight, but you shall not shame me. As for Sir Patrick Lindsay, who has got the first vote, I vow that when I return to Scotland I will cause him to be hanged over his own gate."

Then to the old grisly earl he said with scornful bitterness, "Angus, if you are afraid, you may go home."

The earl, too proud to brook such an insult even from a king, rode sullenly home that night, leaving his two sons and two hundred of the name of Douglas to die on that hill-side, soon to be crimson with the best blood of Scotland.

That night, both at Flodden and at Wooler, romantic incidents occurred. As the old Earl of Surrey was anxiously inquiring among the thievish moss-troopers, for guides over the Cheviots, and rough riders who knew how to cross the brooks that fed the Till, and the marsh that lay at the foot of Flodden Hill—for he knew that James had camped in a natural fortress—a man completely armed, with visor down, rode up, dismounted, and knelt before him, offering, if pardon were given him, to lead the army. The earl assured him of forgive-

ness, providing only he had not committed treason against the King of England, or personally wronged any lady.

"God forbid," replied the disguised knight, "that I should have been guilty of such shameful sin. I did but assist in killing a Scotchman, who ruled our Border too strictly, and often did wrong to Englishmen."

He then raised his visor, and showed the face of the Bastard Heron, who had slain Sir Robert Ker, the warden of the Marches. Then Surrey knew that he had a guide who knew every inch of ground between Carlisle and the Cheviots.

The Earl of Caithness, a young nobleman who had angered James by a savage revenge of some ancient feud, came to the Scottish camp with three hundred young riders, all dressed in green, and submitted to the king's mercy. James instantly wrote him out a pardon on the head of a drum, which is still preserved in the Caithness archives. The earl and his band perished to a man, ever since which time it has been unlucky in Caithness to wear green, or to cross the Ord on a Monday, the day on which the earl and his doomed men forded the river on their march to Flodden.

That same night Surrey, unable to lure the king from the hill of Flodden, broke up his camp and marched through the village of Doddington to Barmoor Wood. The English were full of fight. They knew that Henry had said of the earl, "That he was a nobleman who would defend his subjects from insults;" and they remembered how, years before, he had repulsed the Scotch from Norham, and harried Scotland, and had received a personal challenge from James; and they had also now heard how the queen had written to her husband, "All your subjects are very glad to be busy with the Scots, for they take it for a pastime. My heart is very good to it. Everything here shall go well."

Moreover, the Scottish king had publicly promised to use no sorcery, which was a special comfort; so the Cumberland moss-troopers looked to their horses, and the Cheshire men smoothed out the feathers of their arrows, and the Yorkshire men ground their halberds to a razor's edge, and all night the armourers, by red gleams from the forge, hammered and filed at rivets, and coats-of-mail, and gauntlets, that were soon to be beaten after a rougher and less careful fashion.

And here the long and careful labours of Mr. Jones and the local antiquaries throw

new lights on the grand old history of heroism and death. The Scottish scouts wondered why the accursed Lord Thomas should all at once march towards the Tweed, when it was his own frontier he had to defend. The early morning soon showed, for Lord Thomas Howard and his artillery began to defile over the steep one-arched bridge that crosses the Till and Twizel, five miles from Flodden, in the direction of Norham. The legend is that Borthwick, the Scottish master-gunner, seeing these movements, fell down on his knees, and implored his wilful master to let him open fire on the enemy's troops; but Mr. Jones sensibly observes that, as Lord Howard was himself four hours in moving his heavy guns and baggage from Twizel Bridge to Flodden, this story is only invented to throw all the blame on poor King James, who, as it is, has quite enough to bear.

The Gallows Knowe and every eminence round Coldstream was crowded with people, who could now see the Scottish king's flag on the ridge of Branxton Hill. The rear-guard went a nearer way, and crossed the Till, as Mr. Jones for the first time clearly proves, at two points, at a bend of the river, between Ford and Etall castles. The one is the Willowford, a little to the north of the village of Crookham, the other Sandyford, to the east of Crookham. The stream of Pallinsburn (where Paulinus had baptised the wild Scotch) here joins the Till, and is only three or four feet wide. The rear-guard and van-guard were to meet at the village of Branxton, opposite Flodden. One division passed to the south of Pallinsburn bog, and the other marched through it over Branxton Bridge, the foundations of which were visible some forty years ago. The van-guard, after crossing Twizel Bridge, marched on the beaten road by way of Cornhill, then turned for the Bareless Toll on the old road to Branxton, and took up its position to the west of the church and village, both of which were then larger than at present.

Lord Thomas, Sir Edmond Howard, and Sir Marmaduke Constable, led the van-guard, which was drawn up to the south-west of the church, in the fields leading to Moneylaws; behind these three divisions were the baggage-waggons and the standard-bearer, Sir John Forster, with the holy banner of St. Cuthbert. The Earl of Surrey and the rear-guard were near the Vicarage, with Sir Philip Tilney and Lord Scrope of Bolton; while to his

right and left were Lord Dacre and the Bastard Heron, in the rear of Surrey, a little to the west of the church, and in the centre of the English line. Further eastward was Sir Edward Stanley's division, Sir William Molyneux, and Sir Henry Kickleby, with Cheshire archers and horse, in the fields leading to Mardon. These six divisions must have extended in a narrow line about a mile and a half long.

On the high hill of Branxton, with a noble view of Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, and part of Selkirkshire, to the far west and north-west, stood the Scottish army. James had moved here from Flodden when he saw the English cross Twizel Bridge, and by that movement get between him and Home. To the extreme left, facing Lord Thomas Howard, were Huntly and Home, with Crawford and Montrose, and a host of bare-legged savage Highlanders and Islesmen. The king was opposite to Surrey, with Bothwell and the Lothian men in the rear, while Lennox and Argyle were facing Stanley.

The battle began about four o'clock with interchanges of artillery, the Scotch using leaden balls, the English the more serviceable iron. Almost the first discharge of the English killed the Scottish master-gunner, and dispirited and drove away his men. The Scottish tradition is, that dreading a devastating invasion of Scotland, and urged by a traitorous English renegade, one Giles Musgrave, James, who should have attacked Howard during his flank march, determined to descend the hill and give battle, and therefore set fire to his tents and camp lumber, so that the smoke might conceal his approach; but this story the Berwickshire antiquaries, with the scenes in view, altogether deny.

The hour had come. The English had taken no food that day, and went out fasting—which is not the best starting-point for English fighters—but the earl had said to his captains, "Now, good fellows, prove Englishmen this day," and they were ready. Howard and Home first joined swords. Lord Home's Borderers and the Earl of Huntly's Highlanders came down on Howard with four dense battalions of spearmen, the Highlanders shouting their slogans, the Scotch advancing swiftly, but with an appalling silence. The Borderers' arrows flew so fast, and the Highlanders' two-handed swords swung with such cruel force, that the English were several times repulsed. The Cheshire men broke. Brian Tunstall was struck dead, the standard

was beaten down and cut in pieces. Three times Sir Edmond Howard was struck from his horse, but being "hardy, young and lusty," he recovered himself, and bursting into the mêlée, fought hand to hand with Sir David Horne, and slew him. Sir Edmond's friend, John Heron, though much wounded, came to his succour, and said:

"There never was nobleman's son so like to be lost as you this day; but for all my hurts I will here live and die with you."

At this juncture came Heron, spurring up to shield the broken men, and repel the fierce and stubborn Scotch, whilst Dacre, charging them at the head of eighteen hundred horse, drove them back. In the mean time, Crawford and Montrose had also resolved, with their seven thousand Scots, to close with the Lord Admiral, who, fearing to be overpowered, took from his neck his *Agnus Dei*, and sent to his father to beg him to attack the king. The rising ground called the Piper's Hill lay between him and his father. The fiery king, seeing the Scotch giving way, harangued his men, who, shaking their weapons, shouted, "Forward, upon them." "In sign," says Hollinshed, "of an earnest desire they had to buckle with the Englishmen." Then the king and all his nobles dismounted and led the vanguard on foot, to show their determination to do, or die.

But before this Sir Edward Stanley and the eastern division had attacked the Highlanders of Lennox and Argyle. The storm of arrows from the Lancashire and Cheshire bowmen pierced the fluttering plaids of the Macleans and Mackenzies, and nothing could hold them in, not even the cries and entreaties of Delamotte, the French ambassador, who saw their certain destruction. They broke their ranks, and with bossed targets and broadswords, rushed down upon the English. The game was soon lost; their fierce charge bore back the archers, but Stanley charged them in the rear and on the flank with three companies of the men-at-arms, and they were routed with great slaughter, Lennox, Argyle, and other chieftains dying at the head of their men.

During this savage grapple the king had borne down bravely on Surrey, followed by Bothwell, and had nearly cut a way to the sacred standard. Victory seemed to be his; but Crawford and Montrose were both slain, and Stanley was already driving over the hill brow the routed Highlanders, who could not rally.

The end was, indeed, coming. Home, after his transient victory, encumbered with plunder, being kept in check by Dacre's horse, held his footing in a state of checkmate on the hill, unable to strike down on the admiral. The fiery rashness of the Highlanders of Crawford and Montrose had led to the same fate that had befallen the clans of Lennox and Argyle. The Lancashire and Cheshire men shouldering back the Highlanders, and fighting viciously with hewing halberds, blood-dripping bills, and clashing partisans, drove them over the hill. In vain swung the broadswords on shield and burganet, the English maces and axes beat down many of the rough clansmen, and at last the killed men reeled, loosened, scattered, and fled. The English left wing was victorious.

But in the centre the battle was still doubtful. Home might yet break through Dacre's horse, and envelope and destroy the old earl. The Scottish king was still rather gaining than losing ground. There had been nearly three hours' fighting, the sun had set, it was fast getting dark. The wind blew high on the hill-side, and a thick rain drove against the stern faces of the Scottish knights who surrounded their king.

Stanley's success decided the battle. The men of Lennox and Argyle not rallying, he was able to mount the hill and look below on the struggle in the twilight—the centre whirlpool of men and horses, the gathering-place of the harvest of lances. The chief target of the English arrows was round the southern base of the Piper's Hill below him to the west. There the halberds, and bills, and maces, and axes fell fastest and loudest; there the dark, ghostly masses of grappling men butted, and swayed, and jostled, thickest and fiercest. The Scotch, finding the ground slippery with blood, had taken off their boots and shoes. There was sore need of some desperate effort, for now, through the great wind and rain, Stanley's ten thousand men-at-arms bore down to where the clamour of battle-cries rose loudest; the circle of death closed slowly in on the king, as the hunters close round a royal stag at bay, the Earl of Surrey pressing on in front and right, Stanley on the rear, Lord Thomas Howard on the left flank. As the English axes hewed nearer and nearer to King James, noble after noble fell by his side. The Earl of Caithness was down, then fell the Earl of Cassilis, the Earl of Morton, the Earl of Marr. The Earl of Errol was dead long since under

the trampling feet of the fighters. The Earl of Bothwell was killed. Lord Ross was gone. The Earl of Marishall had lost his two sons, but there was no time to weep for them then.

Desperately fought the king and his champions. Some Scottish prisoners, says an old chronicler, might have been taken, but "they were so vengeable and cruel in their fighting, that when Englishmen had the better of them, they would not save them, though divers Scots offered great sums of money for their lives." Still blow by blow the English axes and bills hewed, struck, and hammered, to cleave a way to the dark, blood-stained, central figure who still fought with immovable courage. When the Scottish spears broke, James's barons drew their "great and sharp swords," and without cry or shout fought on. This last desperate struggle for life Scott has painted with almost Homeric force:

The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed,
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring.
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight,
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knig
As fearlessly and well.

The arrows fell faster, the lances pressed closer, the bills fell heavier and more furiously. Hector Maclean of Dowart, seeing his royal master in danger from the English archers, threw himself before James, and instantly perished. At last, seeing Sir Adam Foreman, his standard-bearer, fall, the king rushed sword in hand among the English, and was struck down. His body was found the next day under heaps of slain; he had been pierced by two arrows; the blow of a bill had cleft his neck, and his left hand was almost cut off. Of his own band none escaped; even his chancellor, Sir William Scott, and his sergeant-porter, Sir John Foreman, were with great difficulty saved. There lay dead around him, two bishops, two mitred abbots, twelve earls, thirteen lords, and five eldest sons of peers.

"The number of gentlemen slain," says Scott, "was beyond calculation; there is scarcely a family of name in Scottish history who did not lose a relative there."

Andrew Pitcairn of Pitcairn, and his seven sons, all perished on that battle-field. James's body, though much defaced, was identified at the first sight by some private marks by Lord Dacre, Sir William Scott, Sir John Foreman, and other Scottish prisoners, who wept at beholding it.

The Scotch, loth to own that the body was found, declared that the corpse Lord Dacre carried to Berwick, and presented to the Earl of Surrey, was one of several attendants who wore royal armour. The absence of the iron belt was one of the chief arguments of these sceptics; but James having that day quite enough steel to carry, had probably laid by his girdle of penance. For years it was believed in Scotland that the king was still alive, and had gone to Jerusalem on a pilgrimage. Others declared that they had seen the king on a dun hackney crossing the Tweed at nightfall with four men, who had come to Flodden with straw on the point of their spears, as a signal to each other. It was supposed these men took him to Home Castle, and there murdered him; and there was a rumour, many years ago, that a skeleton had been found in a draw-well there, wrapped in a bull's hide, and with an iron belt round the waist.

In this battle, the English probably lost not much fewer than five thousand men, and the Scots at least ten thousand. During the night Home drew off "in silent despair," and marched homeward unmolested.

King James's body was embalmed and wrapped in lead at Berwick, and presented to Queen Catharine at Richmond by the Earl of Surrey. James's gauntlet was sent as a trophy to King Henry at Tournay, which he was then besieging. James's sword and dagger are now in the possession of the Corporation of Heralds, to whom they were given by the Earl of Surrey. The embalmed body was sent to the monastery at Sheen. Leo the Tenth in vain requested Henry to allow the body to be buried at St. Paul's, but the request was never granted. At the Dissolution, the brave man's mummy was thrown into a waste room, where old lumber, lead, and rubbish were kept. Some workmen, in mere wantonness, hewed off the head, and Launcelot Young, a master-glazier of Queen Elizabeth's, took it home to his house in Wood-street; but one day, in a moment of pity, he gave it to the sexton of St. Michael's, Wood-street, to bury among some bones taken out of the charnel-house.

Home has been blamed for not trying

to succour the king; but no doubt Dacre kept him in check, and probably his Borderers had fallen to plundering. No charge of cowardice or desertion was ever made against him during his life, and he continued in great favour at the young king's court till Albany drove him into exile, and on his return beheaded him. Many of Home's kinsmen perished in the battle.

Several relics of the battle besides King James's sword and dagger are still preserved. In the Heralds' College is a drawing of the pennon of the Earl of Huntly, which was taken at Flodden by Sir William Molyneux, of Sefton Hall. The motto is "Cail all." The banner-roll of the Earl of Marishall is shown at the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. The Earl's standard-bearer, Black John Skirving, of Plewland Hill, seeing the battle lost, tore off the banner and concealed it about his body before he surrendered himself. Mr. Jones, the local antiquary whom we have before quoted, also mentions a leaden cannon-ball, thirteen and a half pounds weight, found a few years since while draining Pallinsburn bog. Another ball was found close to where Home and Huntly repulsed Sir Edmund Howard. Two iron balls were also found on the hill, and at a hundred yards from the top of Piper's Hill, a silver coin of Henry the Eighth. When widening a path by the door of Braxton Church, many skulls were discovered heaped on one another. They were probably the remains of soldiers hurriedly buried. A short distance from the Wooler-road, a little to the north-west of the farmstead of Crookham, West Field, is a stone often pointed out erroneously as the burying-place of the king. It is really an old gathering stone where the Borderers used to meet before their raids into England or Scotland.

In her letter to her husband, Queen Catharine assured him "that the victory is more honour than if you should win all the crown of France."

At first the Scotch seemed to have tried to brave out a claim to victory. Skelton, in rough and wild verse, flew at them about it, saying bitterly:

Won they the field and lost their king?
They may well say fie on that winning.

And again:

Lo these proud Scots
And boasting sots,
How they are blind
In their own mind,
And will not know
Their overthrow

At Branxton Moor!
They are so stout,
So frantic mad,
They say they had
Won the field
With spear and shield
At Flodden Hills.
Our bows and bills
Slew all the flower
Of their honour.
Are not these Scots
Fools and sots?

THE ELVES AND THE CHILDREN.

THREE little ones sit in a flowery mead,
In the twilight grey;
At home their mother is making their bed,
"Where linger they?"
With laughing cheeks rosy
They skip to and fro,
Where the flowers grow,
In a dewy Whitsun poxy.
Down, down the mountain three Elf maids reel,
From the fir-crown'd height.
Mists thicken, each rides on her spinning wheel;
Their raiments white
In the air are flowing;
Each fairy shoe
Just brushes the dew
From the tops of flowers fresh blowing.
They sing so sweetly: they sing to the three,
"Hail, children at play!
Come, put your hands in ours, and flee
To a home more gay,
Under the mountain olden;
And the ivory row
Of nine pins throw
Over with bowls pure golden.
"Join ye! O join ye us maidens three,
O join ye, and all
Shall pluck the blossoms o' gold, and see
The song birds small,
While merrily, merrily, singing;
Building their bowers
Of lily flowers,
And pearls like seeds upspringing."
The little ones wax so heavy in mind,
Smile so dreamily,
They are whirled along on the rising wind,
But sleep all three.
The earth shuts above them,
As swiftly they fall,
To the Elfin Hall,
Ah, woe to the folk that love them!
Upon the morrow the father runs
To the fir-crown'd hill,
The elfins have stolen his little ones,
And guard them still!
Green grass is creeping
Above their golden hair;
Soundly they slumber there.
But above there is wailing and weeping.

WHITBY: ITS WORKS AND WAYS.

If you go to Whitby for quiet, assuredly you get what you go for. Never was such a tranquil watering-place. Not only is it a land "in which it seemed always afternoon," but a very long and very dull afternoon, without much prospect of picking up in the evening. If you ask people why they come to Whitby, they give, as a reason,

the fact of there being so many beautiful excursions in the neighbourhood, which, being interpreted, means that the place itself is so dull that they remain in it as little as possible. They are right as to the beauty of the surrounding scenery. Turn which way you will, you come upon nature in every variety of exquisite aspect—now grand and bold, now soft and smiling, heather-covered moorland, broad-backed bushless down, high cloud-defying headland, green dreamy dell, with a tiny thread of silver winding through it, and just beyond it breaking into the turbid stream, and the tumbling waterfall. And towering above all, a conspicuous landmark, within a very short distance, the ruins of "High Whitby's cloistered fane," the fragments and remains, so lovely even in their decay, of the abbey once presided over by St. Hilda, and afterwards dedicated to her.

Coming to Whitby by railway you branch off at Malton from the direct North-Eastern route, and proceed by a line for which, amongst several other benefits, Whitby is indebted to the once well-known Mr. George Hudson. The line was originally a horse-railway, constructed by George Stephenson, and is said to have been the third ever made in England (the Stockton and Darlington being the first, and the Liverpool and Manchester the second), and was literally what the Americans would call a "one-horse concern," until the Railway King took it in hand, laid down a double line of rails, made it applicable for steam-traffic, altered its course, and finally developed it into what it is, one of the most picturesque lines in the kingdom. The loveliness of the scenery commences so soon as the little town of Pickering is past, and continues almost until you run into Whitby station. The train goes zigzagging in and out, and curving and serpentining in the most erratic manner, now dashing along a valley between perpendicular cliffs of five hundred feet high, now striking across a purely Scottish moor with its short crisp turf and purple heather, now skirting the base of a large hill wooded to the peak with fir and fern, and thoroughly Swiss in character. Here and there iron-works are established, and occasional tall chimneys uprear themselves in the midst of the landscape; but these interruptions to the prospect are infrequent, and the eye rests with delight on long masses of rock with broken "Scars," on deep black, deadly still pools, on the

bright sparkling Ellerbeck and Wheeldale streams, and on the vivid greenery of the whole of the valley of the Esk, a little river which flows into the sea just where the town of Whitby rises on its banks.

A queer old town, picturesque and mediæval in many places, and foreign looking; with red roofs, and overhanging windows, and quaint gable ends. With streets so narrow as scarcely to permit the passing of two vehicles simultaneously, and a narrow strip of foot pavement made of rough nobbly stones, with quaint signs and odd inscriptions, and divers smells, now horrible, now invigorating. With a narrow bridge connecting the right and left banks of the Esk, with a long line of wharves, where the fishermen congregate, and below which their boats, when not at sea, are moored. With two long stone jetties stretching far out into the sea, broad, handsome, and massively built, each with a lighthouse at its end. Towering over the old town and perched on the top of the vast cliff, behold the terraces, places, and crescents, homes of gentility. Here is the large and excellent Royal Hotel; here the lodging-houses for the reception of the visitors, who are quiet, staid people, amongst whom the clerical element predominates largely. Shovel hats, episcopal aprons, and diaconal gaiters are continually met with on the cliff and on the sands, while the inferior orders of clergy swarm plentiful as blackberries in Sussex hedges. Some of the cloth being off duty, endeavour to disguise their calling by the assumption of mufti, consisting of a black necktie and a soft wide-awake; but the attempt is generally a failure. Their expression, a mixture of resignation to martyrdom, with an endeavour to enjoy innocent worldly pleasure, is in itself sufficient to betray them. If, however, the pillars of the Establishment are anxious for a little relaxation—and Heaven knows how much many of them require it after their hard labours in church and parish—the ministers of other denominations, who also favour Whitby as a place of resort, are “at it” with lecture, prayer-meeting, or discussion, morning, noon, and night. Even at this moment the lame crier halts under our window, and after a prefatory performance on his hand-bell, announces that “T Rayvrend Willum Jockson, of Hoodthersfæld will deelever lacture to-night, at seven, at t’ Primitive Methodists’ Chapel, Church-street—soobject, The Sloggard.”

The flirtation element, usually so strongly

developed at watering-places, is singularly lacking among the visitors at Whitby. There are plenty of pretty young ladies, perhaps a little less flighty in demeanour and a little more quiet in costume than is now the fashion, but assuredly none the less attractive for that, but there is an alarming scarcity of young men. It would be incongruous, not to say improper, to bestow nods and becks on a bishop and wreathed smiles on a dean, while Tyrolese hats with wonderful feathers, and high boots with nine buttons and impossible heels, would be wasted on a curate with nine children, or a Macclesfield manufacturer of sixty-five. And of the ordinary stamp of young men, of the pipe-smoking, bathing, boating, picnic-suggesting, dog-attended idler, there is scarcely a specimen. So the girls walk about mournfully in pairs, Calypsos mourning after departed Ulysseses, or Heros waiting for Leanders who never arrive, or sit knitting, and reading novels on the benches, erected in such charming positions in the nooks and corners of the winding walks which have been cut in the face of the cliffs; pretty groups with lovely backgrounds, which have often served as models for one by whom the place was much frequented, the only man whose pencil delineated with kindly accuracy our modern society and our seaside life—JOHN LEECH.

We have hitherto spoken of Whitby as a watering-place, but it has a distinctive peculiarity as a fishing-town, with a large population dependent entirely on fishing. They live, for the most part, in a place called the “Craig,” at the back of the harbour, in wretched, old, tumble-down tenements, built many years ago in the cliff-side, for which they pay three or four pounds a year. The fishing is of two kinds, the long-line and the herring fishing, the latter being the most important. The long-line fishing is carried on in the off-season, say from October until the end of June. Employed in this trade are about five-and-twenty boats, here called “cobles,” flat-bottomed, and very sharp in the bows, and each carrying three men. Each man puts in two lines, so that there are six lines to every boat, each with from twenty to thirty score of hooks. They catch ling, haddock, skate, halibut, and occasionally turbot. In bad weather they remain in shore, and catch codling. As the cobles near shore, after their day’s or night’s work, the men begin to take the fish from the “crib,” as they call the place where it is first deposited, and toss it over

to the stern for display. The skate goes first, then the haddock, ling, and whatever else they may have. Sometimes they have a preponderance of what is locally known as "coal-fish," an inferior kind of cod, or hake, worth only threepence each. On the wharf expectant stand the buyers, as each coble comes up in its turn. The fishermen and the buyers are old acquaintances.

"Well, Jack, what have got?" cries out one of the latter.

"Score and half cod, three score skate, four score haddock, ling, halibut," &c., replies Jack.

"What's t' price?" inquires the buyer.

"Two pound," says Jack, promptly. The answer is received in silence so prolonged, that Jack at last calls out, "Is none of you goin' to bid?"

"I'll gie a pound," says another of the buyers, who in the interval has been trying to take stock of the fish.

"Pound's boten!" roars Jack.

"Nother shillin'," calls another buyer, and so on, bidders rising their price, and, if need be, Jack dropping his until a satisfactory bargain is come to. Then Jack hangs up an instrument which is called a klep-book by the side of his craft, to denote that his stock is sold; the buyer enters the name of the boat and its owner, and the price of his purchase, in his book, though he does not pay until Saturday, and Jack pushes off to land his fish lower down the wharf, and to make way for the next comer. The fish thus purchased is sent off at once to Billingsgate, the cod packed four or five together in boxes, the rest just thrown into baskets, the vendors asking no special price for it, and being actually ignorant of what is accredited to them until the time of settlement with the London consignee comes round.

The herring fishery is a very much larger affair. Engaged in it at Whitby, and at Staithes (a large fishing-village on the far side of Runswick Bay, the boats of which are marked with the W. Y., and are to all intents and purposes Whitby boats), are about seventy cobbles and "mules" (so called because they are something between a coble and a boat), and a few "farmin'" boats, supposed to be a corruption of "five-men boats." These last, than which there are no finer fishing-craft in the world, come from Robin Hood's Bay, a picturesque place within six miles of Whitby, with a village strongly reminding one of those

Red roofs about a narrow wharf
In clusters,

where Enoch Arden, Philip Ray, and Annie Lee passed their childhood, and so thoroughly maritime a village, that though it has only about a thousand inhabitants numbered in the census, more than a hundred and fifty ships, engaged for the most part in the coal and Baltic trade, hail from it. In its graveyard more than two-thirds of the headstones are inscribed "in affectionate remembrance" of persons who have perished in shipwreck, or been otherwise lost at sea. The Robin Hood's Bay "farmin' boats" carry seven men and two lads, and there are always four or five men in the herring cobbles.

Herrings are always caught in the dark, in shoals, skoals, or schools, as they are variously called in different parts of the kingdom. They are taken in large nets, which in former days used to be made of hemp or flax, but which are now composed of cotton, and manufactured by machinery, by far the largest portion of them coming from Scotland. Each of the nets used by the Whitby men is sixty yards in length, and in the larger boats it is common to find sixty of these nets, in the smaller thirty. The "takes" are sometimes very large. In the early part of the summer they will range from seven hundred to a thousand per boat. The herrings are then sold at from seven to ten shillings a hundred. As the season progresses the number increases, and the price commanded proportionately diminishes. Large boats will begin to bring in six or seven thousand herrings as the result of one night's take, then ten thousand, a round number, which is known as a "last," and which fetches seven pounds ten shillings. The number of herrings which come into and go out of Whitby is almost incredible. In the second week of last September three hundred tons of herrings were despatched from the Whitby station of the North-Eastern Railway. The fish are sold at the quay-side by an auctioneer, who is paid by a commission of eightpence in the pound (under existing rules the buyers seem to have some very extraordinary and incomprehensible advantages), and are bought by wholesale salesmen and by curers or preparers of bloaters in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and even in Yarmouth, whose agents and travellers attend the arrival of the boats at the wharf. The herrings are packed in "kits" or barrels, the former containing four hundred, the latter from five to six hundred each. Before being packed they are frequently "roused," or turned over

with a wooden shovel and sprinkled with salt, and handfuls of salt are thrown in with the fish into the barrels.

There is no captain of the boats, no recognised leader among the fishermen now. That position was once filled by "Long Jacky Storr," and has been unoccupied since his death. "Long Jacky" won his leadership by his clear head and his stout heart; he had admirable judgment, knew when to put to sea, and when to remain ashore, and was as brave as a lion. Poor Long Jacky was drowned, upset out of the lifeboat—his three brothers were lost in the same way—and his place has remained vacant ever since. Is the class of men deteriorating? Our informant (no one knows them so thoroughly), will not say that, but they might be more sober, and more decent in various ways, and as for all the romantic side of the fisher's life, he emphatically pronounced that to be "roob-bish." Is there any other noticeable peculiarity about the men? None, except it be their extraordinary superstition and belief in luck. They will remain fasting for twelve hours, the whole time they are out, and not touch bite or sup, lest it should bring them ill-luck, and they will not put to sea if they meet a woman on their way to the boat (surely an ungallant superstition this, and one which has never previously been accredited to Jack!) or a dead pig. So the calling is carried on, from father to son, from generation to generation, the thrifty thrive, the careless live on from hand to mouth, but all earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, and gain what can at best be but a scanty subsistence, in toil always and frequently in peril.

Whitby is the great place for the jet-workers, of whom from twelve to fourteen hundred are employed in the town. Some fifteen years ago jet was dug from the sea cliff stretching between Robin Hood's Bay and Saltburn. But it is now tolerably well exhausted in these cliffs, and the best is found in the range of the Cleveland Hills, in the neighbourhood of Osmotherley and Carlton. There are about three hundred miners engaged in digging for jet, and this number is occasionally supplemented by an addition of men from the iron mines, when their work is slack. The jet lies in seams something like coal, only much smaller. In its natural state it is not at all unlike iron ore, or charred wood. Bought in small quantities, fresh from the mine, good hard jet is worth from ten to sixteen shillings

the pound. Some of the very best which was shown to us had been purchased for seven shillings the pound, but that was only because a very large quantity (five hundred pounds' worth) had been taken. In former years the miners came across numerous seams of soft jet, but they were never worth more than a sixth of the value of the hard, and are now exhausted. Engaged in the commerce are middle-men (some of them interested in the mines and allowing the men a certain share of the profits) who buy from the miners and sell to the manufacturers. The jet, when the iron alloy has been cut away from it, is worked up in grinding wheels and turning lathes, is cemented together with a mixture of shellac and black sealing-wax, and is polished with rouge on boards, technically called "rowge boards," covered with the skin of the walrus, and between revolving wheels covered with folds of list. Brooches, ear-rings, necklaces, crosses, bracelets, watch-chains, paper-knives, buckles, crucifixes, and rosaries are manufactured in the various jet-works at Whitby, whence the great London "mourning warehouses," and the smart shops at Scarborough and Harrogate, are supplied.

At Sandsend, three miles to the west of Whitby, are large alum works belonging to the Marquis of Normanby, but leased by him to Mr. Armstrong. These works were originally established in the reign of Queen Mary, by a certain Sir Thomas Chaloner, member of a family owning property in the neighbourhood to this day. Sir Thomas, who was a great traveller, noticed that the strata in the vicinity of Sandsend and Gainsborough were very similar to that of the Papal alum-works near Rome; noticed more especially that in both places the leaves of the trees were of a very peculiar green. So struck was he with the idea that he commenced to work, but found success impossible without the assistance of some skilled workmen. This assistance he knew it would be impossible to procure by fair means, so he accordingly sent to Rome and persuaded one of the best workmen to have himself headed up in an alum cask, and stowed away on board ship. When this trick was discovered, Sir Thomas was solemnly cursed, banned, and excommunicated by the Pope, but, oddly enough, the alum works went on, notwithstanding, and have gone on ever since. The alum shale is quarried out of the hill-side, and the liquid which then comes off it, when cool, was at one time used for Epsom salts.

A cheaper species of this medicine has, however, now been found, and the skimming of the alum is used and crystallised for artificial manure. The alum is once more dissolved, run off into casks, and left to crystallise, which it does, taking the form of the cask, and hardening into numerous beautiful stalactites. Then the casks are unhooped and taken to pieces, and the alum, broken up into large lumps, is despatched by train to the various works where it is used. About eighteen tons a week are produced at these works, and the price, which at one time was twenty-five pounds a ton, is now about six pounds ten shillings. About forty men are employed in the works, and each visitor is charged sixpence, which goes towards a school-fund for the workmen's children.

There are excursions of every kind to places of interest in the neighbourhood. Old castles, broad bleak moors, smiling Yorkshire dales, dotted here and there with old farm-houses and finely timbered, grand seascape, with big vessels on the horizon and fishing-smacks in the foreground. The visitors with antiquarian and archeological tastes, the men with good pedestrian powers, or those whose temperament leads them to fraternise with others and make up excursion parties, will rejoice in Whitby. But, judged by the ordinary watering-place standard, it is excessively quiet—not to say painfully dull.

A CHAPTER ON THE GREEK POETS.

THE statement which we ventured to make in our recent remarks on the Latin poets and dramatists,* that the world is indebted for these great geniuses to the Greek culture of which the Romans were the recipients, cannot but excite a desire to learn something also of the poets and the poetry that had proved so fruitful, as the destined exemplars to the people of another age and country. The poets and the poetry of Greece were devoted to the beautiful, even as the Eastern sages and bards had been to the sublime, in art. In the presence of Greek literature, that of the Latins has a decided utilitarian air; and the two together go far to prove the gradual descent from Oriental transcendentalism, and the order of culture, from the theological to the human and natural. Those elevations of thought, toward which we have in these

modern times to climb or soar, were the natural level of those favoured minds which, in the earliest ages, became the teachers of the race. The world's educators have had to condescend to lower forms of conception, to move within narrower limits, and thus to adapt themselves to their humbler fellows, whose way of life confined them to sensuous observation, governed a little by a few rules supplied by the reflective powers. Or rather, as we think, we should recognise in this downward process an actual development, a real progress, whereby the more spiritual principle was assisted in its application to daily life and the familiar habits of a physical condition; through which application it became a common guide to men of every grade of intellect. Among the Romans, the light penetrated to the lowest and most practical usages, and invested the meanest symbols with a certain sacredness, despite the general ignorance which perverted them to objects of idolatry. The Greek cultivation stopped short of this, and appealed to an intellectual class that still prided itself on being separated from the herd, and having privileges in which the uninstructed might not partake.

We have, therefore, to assign a middle station to Greek literature, between that of the sublime and the useful, expressly calculated, as it were, to delight the tastes of that large number of persons who recede from the too abstract on the one hand, and avoid the too vulgar on the other. The forms of Greek poetry hover between these extremes, and sometimes seem to seek their reconciliation; but they remain apart, notwithstanding, by a law which permits their mutual recognition but not their identification.

It is in the inter-play between these dual poles that the beauty of the Greek intelligence accomplishes its manifestation. Two ages had preceded the era of this development. The pre-historic in which the true and the known were accepted as identical, and the commencement of the historical, in which we find attempts at realising the good and the pious in conduct and character. The third age recognised the ideal in beauty and in art; and aimed at their reproduction in the actual. In this aim consists the life of Greek poetry. In the first period, the light is indistinguishable from the darkness, and there is a total absence of colour. In the second, the simple absolute alone is recognised; but in the third its polarity is also appreciated.

* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. iii., pp. 104 and 135.

With distinction comes intelligibility, and it is for the latter quality that we value the poetry of the Greeks. We are indebted for this to the fact that intelligence itself was conceded as the common property of the Greek mind. They had escaped that kind of Oriental influence which established in some countries the system of castes; a system which prevailed in Egypt and many of the Asiatic states, and which restricted the arts and sciences by hereditary right to the priests. Every man in Greece was free to cultivate them; not so much, however, for his own benefit, as for the general good of the community. Their literature, therefore, had a liberal and diffusive character, and this insured for it a celebrity not belonging to any other nation. A knowledge of it is essentially needful to every student who proposes for himself a public career. To the statesman, orator, physician, theologian, philosopher, historian, antiquary, polite scholar, philologist, connoisseur, or artist, it is an indispensable accomplishment.

The language of Greece is usually assigned to the Sanscrit family, which includes also the tongues of India, Persia, the Latins, and the Germans, and is, therefore, denominated the Indo-Germanic. The people of Greece were early called Ionians, supposed to be derived from Javan, the son of Japheth, as the name Javan, it is said, was used by the Hebrews to designate them and their country. The language soon attained to great perfection, for we find it in a state of extraordinary excellence in the time of Homer. The poet himself testifies to the remarkable improvement that had already occurred in the condition of Grecian society; an improvement due to the colonies from the East which had been planted among them, and which introduced to them their own civilisation and knowledge, and also the practice of commerce, after the manner of the Phœnicians. Oriental influence is recognisable in the subject and spirit of the fragments of the earliest Greek poetry. They are chiefly hymns to the gods, or metrical fables respecting the origin of the world, the formation of man, the primæval happiness, the subsequent apostasy, and the consequent sorrow. Their theistic notions are of a more spiritual character than those of a later period. These were sung, as were also the Homeric poems afterwards, by the wandering minstrels, who strolled from hall to hall, or were attached to chieftain families or to temple service.

The Greek language consists of many dialects, arising from the different provinces and settlements into which the people were divided. These are called the Æolic, Doric, Ionic, and Attic, and passed through many changes, and included many varieties. In the first, wrote Alcæus, Sappho, and Corinna; in the second, Theocritus, Pindar, Bion, Mœschus, Hesichorus, and Bacchylides; in the third, Homer, Hesiod, Anacreon, Herodotus, and Hippocrates; and in the fourth, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato, Isocrates, and Demosthenes.

The first is famous for its lyric poets. Of Alcæus, only a few fragments remain. The same fate has befallen Sappho. Their lyrics were simple in form. They were composed in stanzas, or strophes, consisting either of two lines, or verses, of different metres, or of four verses having at least two metres. Corinna belongs to a later period; but nearly all her productions have perished. What has been preserved of Alcæus and Sappho is of such merit that we cannot but lament that more of them have not survived. They sang of Love and Liberty with fervour and skill. Thus chanted Alcæus over a tyrant of Mitylene:

Now let us drink, and with the sound
Of many footsteps round and round,
Let the merry dance be led,
For Myrtilus is dead, is dead.

And in a similar manner Sappho prays of Aphrodite, the goddess of love, to visit her, which she does, promising, respecting her lover, that

If he now retreats, he shall soon pursue thee;
If he now spurns presents, he soon shall give them;
If he loves thee not, he shall quickly love thee,
E'en though thou would'st not.

Simple examples these, but there are more ornate passages also; yet such are, after all, more suggestive than realistic—references to the influence of beauty and the feelings of the poetess in the presence of her lover, sketches of home life, of night scenery, apostrophes to the evening star and to the moon, descriptions of childhood, snatches of bridal song, little pictures of orchards and the starry heavens, and one satirical portrait—in all these there is something more than meets the eye or ear; for the Greek poetess is reticent in her style, though strong in the expression of her feelings. In like manner, Alcæus can be descriptive and sententious, now picturing the armour that decorates

his stately hall, now defying the winter's cold, now submitting to the summer's heat, and now moralising on men and ramparts, regarding the former as better defences of the city than the latter.

From the second group we may select the name of Theocritus, the prince of pastoral poets. Notwithstanding the legend of pastoral poetry having been invented by Daphnis, a descendant of the gods, who, in the fabulous ages, pastured his flocks at the foot of Mount Ætna, Theocritus has an unquestioned right to be regarded as the father of bucolic song. He was the first who cultivated the idyl. The form does not seem to have been confined to any one topic exclusively, though it was principally employed in representing pastoral scenes. Bion and Moschus imitated Theocritus in it, but failed to attain anything like his degree of excellence. Poets in all countries and languages have attempted it, but scarcely in a satisfactory manner. Our own poets have perpetrated many miserable examples, and among them some have borne high names, such as Pope, Phillips, Shenstone, to say nothing of Wither and Lord Lyttelton. But there are higher names than these, and they have done better; such as Spenser, Browne, Drayton, Shakespeare, Milton, Fletcher, Cowper, Keats, and Tennyson. The last, by his *Enone*, takes a classic position among the writers of idyls in these days; in those preceding, Milton's *Lycidas* ranks higher than any other effort. For part of its effect it is indebted to the imitation of Theocritus, who wrote:

Where were ye, nymphs, where were ye, when young
Daphnis
Was pining to his death? In the fair valleys
Of Tempe, by Peneus, or on Pindus?
For ye were not by the Sicilian waters,
Nor Ætna's top, nor Acis' sacred fountain?

Milton's lines reproducing this passage are too well known to require quotation. There are many others borrowed from the same poem less known, but quite as beautiful. Dr. Johnson has complained of the artificial character of the *Lycidas*; his complaint is unjust, because, if valid, it should be levelled against pastoral poetry itself, which, from the first, was altogether artificial, and derived from an imaginary condition of life—a state which, indeed, never existed in any country. The more to recommend this fanciful representation of life, the pastoral poets have always been careful to model the strains in which it has been described with a special

regard to their polish, sweetness, and metrical exactness. More than any other order of writers, they have sought to propitiate the reader by whatever was pleasing and musical in verse. The apparent facility of their numbers is, however, an acquired art: it has, indeed, little of a natural gift.

Among the Doric poets, Pindar ranks high. He was born at Cyncephalæ, a village of Boeotia, between Thebes and Thespie, and flourished about five hundred years before the Christian era, employing himself in celebrating the triumphs of heroes, and the victors who distinguished themselves in the public games, known as the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian. Pindar had great advantages, for he was taught early the arts of music and poetry, by Lasus of Hermione and Simonides of Ceos. When he became eminent, myths of him were invented, relative to his infancy. When a youth, it was said, that as he threw himself upon the grass, weary and sleepy, a swarm of bees shed their honey on his lips, thus prefiguring the sweetness of his poetry.

Some authorities tell us that he was the son of Daiphantus and Cleidice, and was born during the celebration of the Pythian games, that is, either in the month of August or September. One might have taken this for a mythological statement, but that it is confirmed in one of his own fragments. He seems to have been twice married, and to have had one son and two daughters. His family claimed descent from Cadmus, the supposed inventor of the earliest Greek alphabet, and ranked among the noblest in Thebes. They also enjoyed an hereditary celebrity for skill in music, especially for flute-playing, a profession which, at that time, was in high repute. It is not extraordinary, therefore, that the young poet to whom the family talent had descended, at first applied himself to that branch of poetry which was best fitted for flute-accompaniment. His father, who appears to have been a man of discernment, sent him to Athens, where, under the tuition of Lasus, who was, indeed, the founder of the Athenian school of dithyrambic poetry, he received, as we have said, the requisite instruction.

A dithyramb is a hymn in honour of Bacchus, in which the wildness of intoxication is supposed to have been imitated, so that it was full of transport and poetic fury. It came at last to mean a poem written in wild enthusiastic strains; and

it is owing to his having aimed at this character of composition, that Pindar is so frequently daring and abrupt in his transitions; a peculiarity for which he has been unjustly censured. It is, however, generally acknowledged that in these apparent violences he shows great lyric art, for in many instances, indicating at the first view an exclusively wild imagination, there will be found, on closer inspection, a philosophical logical connexion.

While at Athens, Pindar is said also to have availed himself of the instructions of Agathocles and Apollodorus. In his twentieth year he returned to Thebes, and further profited by the advice and example of Myrtis and Corinna of Tanagra, two poetesses of great eminence, with both of whom he contended for the musical prize. He failed; but in regard to the latter, he charged the partial judges with having been corrupted by her beauty, and appealed from them to the famous singer herself. Pindar commenced his career as a composer of choral odes in his twentieth year, and soon rose to such a reputation that his merits were acknowledged by the whole Hellenic world. Poetry in him was recognised as a profession, and he was regularly applied to by different states and princes whenever they desired remarkable events to be commemorated. The tyrants and wealthy men of Greece paid homage to the superior genius by which they profited, and the free states vied with each other in honouring the man whose poetry could render their memory immortal. Athens, Ægina, and Opus conferred upon him the honour of electing him a public guest; the inhabitants of Ceos employed him to compose for them a processional song to the exclusion of two celebrated poets of their own; and, by order of the priestess of Delphi, he received a portion of the banquet of the Theoxenia. But not only did Pindar succeed in obtaining great honours while living, so that the conquerors in the public games were proud to be celebrated by him, but after his death, too, he was still more highly honoured; for a statue was erected to him at Thebes, which weathered safely six centuries; and his house was spared by the Spartans, and at a later period by Alexander. One of his odes, also, was preserved in a temple at Athens, in letters of gold. Cary, the translator of Dante, has given us an excellent version of Pindar, which the world, with other good things, has we fear neglected; and he renders the first strophe

of the lyric in question in the following manner:

Like a chalice, all of gold,
With the vine-dew bubbling o'er,
That one at wedding feast doth hold
Costliest treasure of his store;
First quaffs to him, above the rest,
Whom his daughter's love has blest;
From home to home, then gives, to bear
The envied present rich and rare;
So I, the Muses' nectar shedding,
To conquerors deal the draught divine,
Whose brow, with garlands amply spreading,
Pytho and Olympia twine.

It was Aristophanes of Byzantium who first divided Pindar's odes into four classes; selecting such as had reference, more or less directly, to victories gained at the great games of the Greeks. It is hard, however, in relation to some of these, to refer them to any special victory. Many appear to have been merely composed for rehearsal at the general triumph of the conquerors on the evening succeeding the contest in the games; others for the private festival afterwards given to the individual victor by relatives and friends. It is pleasant to see poetry thus entering into the daily life of a people. Still more instructive is it to find that the encouragement thus afforded availed to elicit the genius of such a poet, and to confer glory on such a country. In modern times it is difficult for the poet to get a hearing, except from the select few, and years must pass before his reputation can culminate. This is no doubt an evil, but it is due to the progress of civilisation. So much poetic wealth has been already accumulated, that the public mind is reluctant to admit any addition, and from the crowd of competitors takes time to select the best. But even in the early Grecian age, there must have been many candidates for the laurel who were neglected; or else we should not have lost so many lyrics of writers who have left great names, but only a few fragments of works once much esteemed. Time, however, has highly favoured the lyrics of Pindar, and also those of another very different poet—Anacreon. The characteristics of the two bards are, say the critics, totally opposite. "Anacreon sings of women, and roses, and wine; Pindar, of heroes, of public contests, of victories, and laurels. The one melts away in amatory softness; the other is ever like the foaming steed of the race, vaulting in the pride of conscious strength, or the furious war-horse, dashing fearlessly on over every obstacle." We may add, that Pindar does not confine himself to the Doric dialect, but adopts, when expedient, Æolic and other

forms, in order to give strength and variety to his verse, or to accommodate the peculiarity of his metre. Pindar also indulged in a high state of religious sentiment. Entertaining a profound reverence for the gods, he rejects those forms of ancient legends which ascribed to them mortal frailties, and conduct of equivocal morality. He dedicated a temple to the Great Mother near his own house in Thebes: and erected statues to Jupiter Ammon and Mercury in the market-place. We have reason to regret that we have secured no more of his works than the Epinician or triumphal odes, and that of his hymns, dithyrambic poems, dirges, drinking-songs, mimic dancing-lyrics, songs of maidens, panegyrics on princes, and other similar compositions, we possess only fragments. He has been named, from the boldness of his conceptions and the daring sublimity of his metaphors, the *Æschylus* of lyric poetry.

Anacreon, though earlier in date than Pindar, belongs to the third group of poets, namely, to those who wrote in the dialect of Ionia. We have already intimated that his lyrics were amatory in character, and devoted to celebrating the pains and pleasures of love. Amatory poetry was much cultivated by the Greeks. Alcman, or Alcmaeon, who lived at Sparta about four hundred and seventy years before the Christian era, is regarded as the father of Greek erotic poetry, and wrote a class of poems called *Parthenia*, or praises of virgins, which were popular with the Spartans, and sung by them at table with those of Terperand. The last-named poet composed what were called *scholia*, or perhaps only the music to which they were sung. The *scholia* belonged to a kind of poetry which appeared before the time of Solon, and flourished especially in the period between him and Alexander. It was simply a peculiar form of the lyric, consisting of little songs, designed for social purposes, and particularly employed at banquets and festive entertainments. The word *scholion* properly signifies something crooked, or irregular. Now the Greeks had three modes of singing at the table: First, all the guests formed a joint chorus, chanting a *psalm*, accompanied by the harp, in honour of some deity. Secondly, the harp was passed from guest to guest, beginning with the one occupying the chief place, and each was requested to sing some sonnet from Simonides, Stesichorus, Anacreon, or other favourite author. Those who declined to play might sing

without the harp, holding in their hand a branch of myrtle. Thirdly, the harp was absolutely required, and with it a harpist's skill. In this case the harp did not pass in order from guest to guest; the performer finished some couplets, then presented the myrtle branch, with the cup or vase, to another, who continued the song and the music, and he transferred it to a third. This mode of passing the harp it was that appears to have been considered irregular. But Plutarch states that the *scholia* were accompanied with the sound of the lyre, and that this instrument was presented to each guest, and those who were unable to sing or play could refuse to take it. The myrtle, also, passed from couch to couch in a peculiar manner, the first guest on the first couch passing it to the first on the second, and he on to the first on the third; when it was returned to the first couch, and the guest occupying the second place there having sung and played, passed it to the second on the second couch, and thus, by means of this crooked manœuvring, it went through the whole company.

Others think it more natural that the name should have referred to the irregularity of metre, the scholion having unlimited license in this respect. The subjects of these songs were various, treating often of serious matters, and burdened frequently with the praises of the gods, and sometimes including songs for popular use, such as those designed for enlivening manual labour and domestic care—songs, for instance, of shepherds, reapers, weavers, nurses, &c. Besides Terperand, as author of such pieces, were Citagorus the Lacedæmonian, Hybrias of Crete, Timocreon of Rhodes, Archilochus of Paros, and other lyric poets. For lyric poetry was not, from the beginning, absolutely confined to the praises of the gods and to the religious festivals, but enthusiasm had been awakened by the revolutions in favour of liberty, and the tumult and excitement of republican contests and hazards were congenial to its spirit. Lyric poetry admitted a free license and variety of metres, and suited every topic in turn. Rapidly it extended to almost every concern of life; the weaver at the loom, the drawer of water at the well, the sailor at his oars, and even the beggar in his wandering, had each his appropriate song, usually accompanied with the lyre.

Anacreon lived about five hundred and thirty-six years before the Christian era,

and was a native of Teos in Ionia; but he fled with his parents from Persian oppression to Abdera in Thrace. At a later period he resided at Samos, under the protection of Polycrates, the king, and afterwards at Athens, under Hipparchus; but he died in his native place in his eighty-fifth year. The collection of odes ascribed to him, sixty-five in number, contains many belonging to others—some more recent in date, and of unequal merit; not deserving, in fact, that praise for vivacity, grace, and beauty to which the genuine Anacreontics are entitled. The time and manner of his death are variously stated. The common tradition that he died by suffocation from swallowing a grape-stone probably originated in the bacchanalian character of his poetry. He is reputed to have written elegies and iambic poems in the Ionic dialect, besides scholia and epigrams.

One character belongs to all ancient lyrical poetry: it was written for music. Our modern lyric poetry is freed from this appropriation, and trusts to the abstract lyrical form for its effect. Frequently it seeks for it exclusively in novelty of metre and cadence, which suggest their own music independent of the composer's art. We must bear in mind this distinction when estimating the comparative merits of ancient and modern ode-writing. Our own Collins, Campbell, and Tennyson depend on the sufficiency of their own art as poets, and on the highly-wrought and elaborate finish of their productions, and not at all on the musician's aid, whose skill is brought to bear with difficulty on pieces so complete in themselves.

None of the elegies of Anacreon have reached us. Of his odes, Cowley has given us many examples. Others have been lately translated by various hands. Lively and graceful are all these, dealing with the minute in nature and art, giving us pretty little allegories of Cupid and Venus; charming descriptions of the seasons, particularly of spring; eulogies in favour of the flowers, particularly of the rose; and immortalising the bee, the grasshopper, and other interesting objects of the field and garden. The group in which we find Anacreon includes names greater than his, such, for instance, as Homer and Hesiod; and the succeeding, or Attic group, comprises the great and marvellous Greek dramatists. But these are mighty themes, not admitting of such treatment as the concluding paragraphs of a chapter such as the present could afford. They are better

known, moreover, than the bards whose names we have mentioned, and may await a convenient time when we shall have something to say touching them and their works.

IN THAT STATE OF LIFE.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE was not a more miserable man in London than Lowndes Cartaret in those days. It was on the Wednesday night that he got to town, trying vainly, for the first time in his life, to shake off a dead weight that lay at his heart, and to turn his thoughts from the one object upon which they were obstinately fixed. He went to Brookes's; there had been a late debate going on, and all the men he met were eagerly discussing it: he could scarcely affect a languid interest in what they said. Then he turned into Pratt's, eat a morose sandwich, and smoked a gloomy cigar; heard the various merits of Filibuster and Merry Andrew canvassed, and their respective chances of winning the Derby; tried to play a game of billiards, and missed nearly every stroke; listened with a cynical smile to that capital (though scandalous) story about young A. and Lady B., which made every other man in the room roar: and, finally, got to bed, but not to sleep, about four in the morning.

The next day he played a set of melancholy variations upon the same tune. He sat for an hour with one of the prettiest women in London, whose conversation, moreover, possessed the spice and sparkle of a champagne cup. He came away, declaring that she was as dull as ditch-water. He sauntered down to Tattersall's; he took a turn in the Row: and all the apples at which he bit were dust and ashes! At night a friend who had a box at the Haymarket asked him to come there, and to join a supper with some actresses afterwards. Lowndes was so visibly bored during the play that he infected the man he was with, and said so many sarcastic and disagreeable things during supper, that the ladies were unanimous in wishing that he had not been of the party. After another sleepless night, a night during which he thought over all that Maud had ever said to him about his unprofitable existence, and the despicable folly of utter idleness, he rose with the resolution of seeking other and better means of occupying his thoughts, if possible. He walked

to Chesham-place, where his cousin, the minister, lived; a man who, for certain reasons of gratitude, had shown the strongest desire to serve him, but whose good offices Lowndes had always declined. The great man had just finished breakfast, and was in his study, reading, with that callousness which long use produces, an abusive article upon himself in one of the morning papers. He raised his eyebrows as he laid down the paper, and held out his hand.

"Why, what brings you out at this unusual hour, Lowndes? I did not know you were in town. How is your mother?"

"Very well, thank you. I wanted to talk to you, so I came early. You won't believe me, I dare say; but I'm sick of doing nothing. Sudden change, isn't it? Like the rest of my friends, you have always been at me for being so lazy. Well, at last I have begun to see, myself, that it's a mistake. I don't know that I am good for much, but I am come to tell you that if you can find me anything to do, I'll do it. It can't be harder work than trying to kill time when one feels confoundedly bored—that's certain."

The minister, whilst expressing his satisfaction at the change in his cousin's views, reminded Lowndes that appointments of any kind did "not grow on gooseberry-bushes;" that the press and the public now exercised a sharp look-out for all such as were not justified by merit; and, lastly, that he had no immediate prospect of anything falling into his gift. But he promised not to be unmindful of Lowndes's wishes, and he exhorted him, in the mean while, to employ his time in studying, with a solicitor, common law, a knowledge of which must, in any calling, be a valuable acquisition. And then, a special messenger being announced, he shook Lowndes's hand and dismissed him.

The important place that trivial accidents hold in life is a truth of which each man's experience must afford numberless examples. In leaving Beckworth suddenly, as he did, Lowndes had found it expedient to leave his valet behind him. That individual had received the order to "pack portmanteaux" instantly with consternation, consequent, as he explained, upon the fact that half his master's linen was at the wash! He was ordered, therefore, to follow Lowndes as soon as this could be recovered; and by the first train on Friday he appeared, charged not alone with clean shirts, but with the strange tidings which

had disturbed the whole Beckworth household on the previous day. But for this, it is very certain that Lowndes would not have heard of the discovery touching Maud, and of her departure, for some weeks. Mrs. Cartaret would naturally have abstained from all allusion to her in writing to her son; and, not until his next visit (which he had resolved should not be for a month at least) would he have known the truth. And then, if his mother had kept her own counsel, all clue by which to trace the girl would have been lost.

Everything is known, everything discussed in the servants' hall, and Lowndes's valet, being perfectly aware of the particular interest which his master took in the young person, a garbled version of whose story had excited so much curiosity when it penetrated to the lower regions at Beckworth, lost no time in informing Mr. Cartaret of what had occurred twelve hours after the latter had left home. It was, as I have said, a garbled version; still, there was the main outline. Mary Hind was not Mary Hind, but a gentleman's daughter, who had run away from home; and the parson of the parish had come after her, and had carried her back with him. This was all that Lowndes retained; he cleared the tale of its superincumbent rubbish, and held fast by these facts. He put himself into the five o'clock train, and reached Beckworth, just as his mother was going to bed, that night.

She guessed at once why he was come, and looked somewhat agast.

"Tell me the truth of all this, mother. It is of no use any longer beating about the bush—where is Mary Hind gone?"

"What is that to you, Lowndes?" said the old lady, taking courage "with both hands," as she would herself have said.

"After what happened on Tuesday night, I have a right to know whether she left Beckworth of her own free will, or not."

"Because she promised you to remain, hein? La coquine! Well, then; she did not leave it of her own free will. She left it because I turned her out—there!"

"Where is she gone? I ask you again."

"Ca ne vous regarde pas."

"It is so much my business that I won't rest till I have found out."

"Allez au diable!" cried the old lady, violently thumping the sofa with her little fist. "What do you mean by all this? Do you think I am going to encourage your intrigues, sir? Go, find out as you can. I will tell you nothing."

"You have no right to use that word about the girl, and you know it as well as I do, mother. Look here. I will be quite open with you. I love this girl. For the first time in my life I know what love is. I left Beckworth on Wednesday because Mary asked me to do so; and because I resolved to give myself a fair trial, to see if absence would make any change in my feelings, and but for this discovery I should have remained away for some time. Now that I find she is gone, I am determined to learn who she is, and what has become of her. Tell me all you know, and I will pledge you my word that, when I have discovered her, I will wait—I will test my feelings by time before I speak to her again. She is a lady by birth; so much I know. It is of very little consequence to me, but to you, with your ideas, of course it makes a great difference, and——"

"It makes no difference at all!" interrupted Mrs. Cartaret vehemently. "A lady! *ma foi!* a girl who runs away from home, qui court les aventures, who has no name; who has been advertised and made the gossip of the county, don't talk to me of it, Lowndes! Tenez mon fils, ça me porte le sang à la tête!"

"What county has she been made the gossip of?" asked Lowndes, regardless of the rest of his mother's tirade.

"What do I know?" replied the old lady, sharply. "I only know that she comes here with her false character, and that the curé finds her out, and follows her, and that she has gone away, and I hope never to hear her name again—voilà!"

"So they advertised for her, did they?"

"Yes, in the Times—a pretty disgrace! If I was her father I would lock her up, and horsewhip her—la coquine!"

"Who is her father? Come, mother, you may as well tell me, for I shall find out, somehow or other."

"I shall tell you nothing, *misérable* que tu es! What! you will follow this creature—this girl who introduces herself into houses under false names? You, who might marry the heiress of Marley-les-Bois—a charming, innocent girl, who has never yet left the 'Sacré Cœur'—and you prefer to her this—this—*aventurière*—this disreputable——"

"There, mother, that is enough. She is as straightforward and pure-minded a girl as ever lived; she never encouraged my passion in the smallest degree; on the contrary, she has nothing of the adventuress about her—and I think I know the

class pretty well. I am confident she had some very strong provocation before she took the strange step which brought her here; and I feel certain that you will one day be sorry for having spoken of her as you have done. As to your 'Sacré Cœur,' I have known one or two remarkably queer ladies who were educated there, and——"

"Ah! now he is going to talk against religion! He is going to talk scandal of the convents! It wanted but that—ah!"

"No, I mean no disrespect against the convents. I only mean this: that I prefer a woman I know, a character that is formed, to the sheet of white paper upon which God knows what may be written by-and-bye. And now, mother, good-night. As you are determined to tell me nothing, we had better say no more on the subject. It only irritates you, and it does me no good."

He left the room; and when Mrs. Rouse brought up her mistress's chocolate the next morning, she informed the unhappy old lady—who had lain awake half the night devising means (poor innocent soul!) by which she might divert her son from the right track—that Mr. Lowndes had been gone two hours.

On leaving his mother's room, the previous night, he had sent for the file of the Times, and had experienced no difficulty in finding the advertisement which had reference to Maud. In it, any person, having information respecting the missing young lady, was requested to communicate with a certain solicitor in London. To London, therefore, Lowndes must return by the first train in the morning. It was Saturday, and if he did not see the solicitor early, his office would be closed, and two whole days would be lost. First, however, sorely against his inclination, he thought it expedient to question Dapper, and all the men in the stables. He learnt very little: a fly from the station had brought the clergyman and had taken him and the "young person" back; and the train they meant to catch was evidently the one o'clock "down." At the station he gained one other fact: their tickets had been taken for Salisbury. But as there is a junction there, and two distinct companies, this did not insure the travellers having gone no further. He thought it more prudent, therefore, to hold by his original plan of going to London, if only for a few hours. He could return to Salisbury by the evening mail, if he failed in obtaining the information he wanted.

This early train brought him to London by eleven o'clock, and before noon he was in the solicitor's office. He sent in his card, and was admitted at once. The lawyer rose, and advanced with extreme urbanity.

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Cartaret. I knew your uncle very well, and have often been at Beckworth, in former days. Pray take a chair. What is there I can do for you?"

It was a great piece of good luck: the way was thus unexpectedly smoothed for Lowndes. He drew the advertisement from his pocket.

"I am come to speak to you about this. Have you yet received any information touching the person whom it concerns?"

"Why, bless my soul!—" The lawyer stopped short, and looked sharply at the young man over his spectacles. "No, Mr. Cartaret, we have not—what do you know about her?"

"Wait a minute. I will tell you; but I must make it a condition that you first tell me who she is, and where her people live. I think, as you know something of us, you will trust to the honour of a Cartaret to keep this a profound secret, if you require it. But the circumstances of the case are so peculiar, that I do not choose to say anything, unless I am made acquainted with the young lady's antecedents."

"Well," said the solicitor, after a moment's pause. "I see no reason why I should not tell you. The whole of the neighbourhood has been full of the scandal for the last month, and, as you say, sir, I am sure I can trust to the honour of a Cartaret to turn this information to no ill purpose. The young lady is Miss Pomeroy. She is step-daughter to Sir Andrew Herriesson, and left Mortlands, Sir Andrew's place, it is supposed, with some romantic idea of supporting herself, and being no longer a burden on her step-father. At least it is tolerably certain that she went away alone, and that love, at all events, had nothing to say to this extraordinary step."

"Pardon me an instant. Do you know anything of the curate of the parish?"

"No. Why? He was questioned, I remember, as being almost the only person with whom Miss Pomeroy was on terms of any intimacy, and it is greatly in conse-

quence of what he said, that we have been led to the conclusion that Miss Pomeroy had conceived a morbid repugnance to continuing to be dependent on Sir Andrew. It appears that she had refused a magnificent offer of marriage only a few days previously. She is a peculiar character, with unusual ideas upon most subjects, for a young lady, I apprehend."

It was now Lowndes's turn to give the narrative of Mary Hind's entering his mother's service, and of her sojourn at Beckworth. He did this succinctly, making, of course, no allusion to his own feelings, nor to his conduct, which had so justly incensed her as to have very nearly driven her from the house the day prior to the curate's arrival.

"And now, look here. How comes it, that if he took her home—that was on Thursday—you should not have had notice of the fact before this? To say nothing of a telegram, which they would surely have sent, there have been two posts. Doesn't it strike you as very extraordinary?"

"I doubt whether she would go home; but I cannot make it out. This Mr. Miles would surely have communicated with them—" He reflected for a minute, and looked at his watch. "I will tell you what: we close at two to-day, and to-morrow is Sunday. Do you care to prosecute this inquiry any further? If so, we will start together by the three o'clock train, Mr. Cartaret. We shall be at Scorn-ton by nine, and might get on to Mortlands to-night. What say you, sir?"

The two men started by the three o'clock train.

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